

# Oxford Democrat.

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## OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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## BOOKS FOR PRESENTING

Executed with neatness and despatch.

### POETRY.

#### THE WINGED WHORLWIPERS.

An Impromptu on two little birds which flew into a house of worship during service.

REV. C. SPRAGUE, ESQ.

Gay, guiltless pair,  
What seek ye from the field of heaven?  
Ye have no need of prayer,  
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,  
Where mortals to their maker bend?  
Can your pure spirits fear  
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew  
The sins for which we come to weep—  
Penance is not for you,  
Bless'd waiflings of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given  
To wake sweet nature's untamed lays—  
Beneath the arch of heaven  
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,  
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,  
And join the choirs that sing  
In yon blue dome not rear'd with hands.

Or, if ye stay,  
To note the consecrated hour,  
Teach me the airy way,  
And let me try your onward power.

Above the crowd,  
On upward wings could I but fly,  
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,  
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed  
Through fields of trackless light to soar,  
On nature's charms to feed,  
And nature's own great God adore.

### THE FARMERS.

The farmers are a sort of stuff  
Tyants will always find too tough  
For them to work up into slaves,  
The servile fools of lordly knaves.

Those men who till the stubborn soil  
Enlighten'd and inured to toil,  
Cannot be made to quail or cower  
By traitor's art or tyrant's power.

'They might as well attempt to chain  
The west wind in a hurricane;  
Make rivers run up hill by frightening  
Or steal a march on kindred lightning—  
The great sea serpent which we read of  
Take by the tail and snap his head off—  
The firmament on cloudy nights  
Blot out with artificial lights,

By such an apparatus as  
Is used for lighting streets with gas—  
Or having split the north pole till it's  
Divided into baker's billets,  
Make such a blaze as never shone,  
And terrify the frozen zone—  
With clubs assail the polar bear,  
And drive the monster from his lair—  
Attack the comets as they run  
With loads of fuel for the sun,  
And overcast by opugnation  
Those shining colliers of creation—  
The Milky way McAdamsize,  
A railway raise to span the skies,  
Then make, to save Apollo's team,  
The Solar Chariot go by steam.

These things shall tyrants do, and more  
Than we have specified, before,  
Our cultivation they subdue,  
While grass is green or sky is blue.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Athenaeum and Visitor.

### PROFESSION NOT PRINCIPLE.

"Profession is not principle." I learned this lesson years ago, and have seen it verified a hundred times since. "Who has not?" Neither is profession religion. How often, alas! how often, too, have I proved this. The best men I ever knew were those who made but little profession. The internals within them were pure as well as the externals. How just a criterion did our Lord establish when he said "the tree is known by its fruit." But in these latter days, men have departed in too many instances from the simplicity of the gospel, and have elevated faith above works—doctrine above charity.

I take no pleasure in making the exposures which may follow, but where truth may be good I cannot conceal it. It is always painful to perceive a deviation from profession in those who make a show of religion. Christianity has suffered more from the irregularities of its friends, than from the assaults of its enemies. There are thousands

lands who have taken upon themselves no vows, who are purer in heart, and more upright in actions than many, very many who stand not away from the altar. This is a sad truth.

A few doors from our shop lived a Mr. T—, a boot maker. He was a member of the Church, and a loud professor. Regularly every morning and evening he assembled his family for worship, and in the private meetings of the church members, he prayed loudest and longest of any. I several times observed him during the services of the church on the Sabbath, and was forced to mark the air of piety and devotion which he exhibited. At first I was led to believe him a good man, but a little introduction into the secrets of his business transactions, convinced me that he made religion more a vehicle to worldly emolument and honor, than to heavenly riches and divine honor. It was only necessary to ask his apprentices his character, to understand something of his claims to religion. A really good man is rarely, if ever, the subject of abuse by those under him, but they spare not the pretender to what he does not possess.

Mr. T— was one of those who profess to consider heavenly riches as infinitely more valuable than sordid gold, but who, by all their actions, illustrate the truth of the remark with which we started, that "profession is not principle." He was not content with working his apprentices hard, and keeping them poorly clad and poorly fed, but he gained his penny whenever he could, no matter who lost the penny, or to whom it most belonged. I will give an example of his dealing in this respect.

A drayman had brought him a load of leather from a house far down town. After the leather was unloaded, the following dialogue in substance took place:

"Well, old fellow, (and the drayman was old—at least sixty) what's to pay?"  
"Three fips, sir."

"There's a levy. I never pay but a levy a load. You can't take me in."

"Indeed, massa, can't take less than three fips. That's the reg'lar charge, and I always gits it."

"Nonsense! here take your money, and don't stand palavering there."

"Can't indeed, massa. You knows it aint enough."

"You black nigger, do you mean to say that I want to cheat you?"

"No massa, but three fips is the reg'lar charge for a load, and I can't take less. I couldn't make a livin' at a levy."

"Well, I'm not going to stand fooling here with you. If you don't take this, you'll get nothing."

"Can't take it, massa. All or none is my rule. I won't cheat by asking too much, and I won't be cheated."

"Then you get nothing."

"Well, I can give you three fips if you are suffering."

And the independent old fellow got on his way and drove off.

I was standing at the door of the shop at the time, and witnessed the whole proceeding. The unjust man turned away, as the dray moved off, but I could see no compunction on his hard face.

A few days after, I witnessed a similar scene, which I will also describe. Another drayman brought him a barrel of flour and a keg of butter from the wharf. As usual the eleven penny piece was tendered.

"Nonsense! here take your money,—think I don't know the price."

"Indeed, massa! dat's too little."

"Here, aint you going to take your money,—you'd better."

"Massa, if I had plenty of money, and what I'd call plenty aint much, I would not care about a fip. But my old woman's been sick now three months, and I've got five little children, and sometimes I can't hardly git enough for 'em to eat. A fip would buy a loaf of bread and would go a good ways."

"Here's your levy, if you are going to take it. If your wife is sick, that's no reason why you should be an extortioner. If you are in want, beg, but don't cheat."

The poor negro said no more, but took the little piece of money, and went off—I witnessed this scene too. How my young, hot blood did boil.

On the same evening I heard him at a public prayer meeting in the church, address the good and holy Lord, and with vain repetitions, make a long prayer, as if he were to be heard for his much speaking; instead of his pure heart and upright purpose. How can such men read the word of the Lord, and then hope to be received hereafter into the heavens, where love to the neighbor is perfect and pure.

Mr. T— had five apprentices. Each one of these he had taken from the almshouse, because, as he said, parents and friends were always troublesome to a master who had boys. They were a cowed, spiritless, and if they were to be believed, a half-starved set. Their clothes were poor and dirty, and they were ashamed to appear at church on the Sabbath day, or to go into decent company. At meals, they were allowed in many articles, such as butter, meat, &c, at breakfast and supper times; and bread at dinner time. A single slice of bread was all each received during dinner. Potatoes were very good. The boys were loud in their complaints out of doors, but dared not say much within.

In so large a family as that of Mr. T— there was a good deal of sewing to do, and out of charity the work was taken from a seamstress who had sewed for the family some time, and given to a poor widow woman with several small children. Ostensibly only was this charity—Really, it was to save a few more pennies. How could this be? some one will ask. Let me

sketch a little scene; premising that this poor women's husband was just dead, and she left helpless and friendless, without apparent means of support. Besides she was in very feeble health. By accident, Mr. T— had heard of her distressed situation, and at the suggestion of the individual who named her case to him, told his wife that he thought it would be charity to give her some sewing.

"I think it would indeed," says Mrs. T—. "Our sewing costs us a great deal," responds the careful husband, "and in this thing we may benefit ourselves, as well as do a deed of charity. No doubt this poor woman is but an indifferent sewer, in comparison to Miss R—, and therefore her work will not, of course, be worth so much. And she will no doubt think one half the price Miss R— gets a good one."

"No doubt," chimes in the frugal partner. Mrs. T— was sent for. After she is seated the following conversation ensues.

"Can you do plain sewing?"  
"Yes ma'am, as well as most persons."

"What is your price for fine shirts?"  
"I haven't set any price yet, but I will work as low as any one."

"But you know that to get work you will have to do it a little lower than ordinary. People don't like to change."

"Well ma'am, I am in want, and I will work at almost any price for my children."

"I suppose you will make fine shirts for a quarter?"

"Yes ma'am."

"And calico dresses for the same?"

"Yes ma'am!"

"Well that's reasonable."

"Boys' common shirts you will not charge over eleven pence for?"

"No ma'am!"

"That's reasonable, and I'll do all I can for you. It gives me pleasure to help the poor—Come down to-morrow, and I'll have some work ready for you." The widow departed.

"Well, wife," says Mr. T—, busting in when he saw her depart. "At what price will she work?"

"At just half what Miss R— charges."

"Well, that's something like. It gives me pleasure to befriend any one who is willing to work at a reasonable price. Why this will save us almost a dollar a week the year round."

"Yes, it will; and if I keep her at it, or some one else, at the same price for a year, you'll let me have a fifty dollar shawl, won't you?"

"Yes, if you want it."

"Well, I'll do my best. It's shameful what some of these seamstresses do charge."

It is often well to reverse a picture. Suppose we look at the other side of this.

Mrs. T— had always been delicate.

When a girl she could never sew long at a time without getting a pain in her side. She married a hard working industrious mechanic, whose trade was not very lucrative, yielding barely enough for a support. Her health after her marriage was but little improved, and when with several small children she was left a widow, she yielded in her first keen anguish of bereavement to despair. But a mother cannot long sit in idleness when her dear babes are about her. She could think of no way of getting a living for them but by her needle, and as she was a neat sewer, she hoped to get work, and earn food and scant clothing at least. But she could get no work. No person knew her who wanted sewing done. She applied to several, and was still without the means of earning a dollar when her last one was spent. Just at this sad moment, the fact of her destitution became more known, Mrs. T— sent for her.

As she carried home her work the day after the interview, she was glad a heart with the thought that now there was a way of escape at least from starvation. But little more her yearning heart could promise her. Boys' shirts at twelve and a half cents were her first pieces of work. Two of these by hard work she managed to get done in a day. Had they been made plain, she could have finished them early, and had time to give many necessary attentions to her children. But the last words of Mrs. T— had robbed her of that chance. "You can stitch the collars of these, any how—you can afford it, I suppose, & they iron better when that is done."

The simple and touching—"Yes ma'am," but in a sadder tone than usual, was the only response.

Next morning she was up early, though her head ached badly, and she was faint and weak, from having sat so steadily through the whole of the preceding day. Her children were all taken up, washed and dressed; her rooms cleaned, and a scanty meal of mush and milk prepared for the little ones, and a cup of tea for herself. Her own stomach refused the food of which her children partook with keen appetites, and she could only swallow a few mouthfuls of dry stale bread.

It was nearly ten o'clock when she got fairly down to work, her head still aching and almost blinding her. Some how or other she could not get on at all fast, and it was long past the usual dinner hour before she had finished the first garment. The children were impatient for their dinner, and she had to make great haste in preparing it, as well for their satisfaction, as to gain time.

"Mother, we are getting most tired of mush and milk," said one of the little ones. "You don't have all the good things now you used to. No pies, nor puddings, nor meat."

"Never mind dear; we'll have some nice corn cakes for supper."

"You'll have supper soon, won't you mother?" said another little one coaxingly, her thoughts busy with the nice corn cakes.

"And shan't we have molasses on them," said another, pushing away her bowl of mush and milk.

"No dear, not to-night, but to-morrow, we'll have some."

"Why not to-night, mother, I want some to-night."

"Mother aint got any money to buy it with to-night, but to-morrow she will have some," said the mother soothingly.

"O, we'll have 'lasses to-morrow for our cakes," cried out a little girl who could just speak, clapping her hands in great glee.

After dinner Mrs. T— worked hard and in much bodily pain and misery to finish the other shirt, in which the last stitch was taken, at 6 o'clock at night.

Soon after breakfast the next day, she took the four shirts home to Mrs. T—, her thoughts mostly occupied with the comfortable food she was to buy her children, with the half dollar she had earned. For it was a sad truth that she had laid out her last dollar for the meal with which she was making mush for her little ones.

After examining every seam, every hem, and every line of stitching, Mrs. T— expressed approbation of the work; and handed the poor woman a couple of fine shirts to make for Mr. T— and a calico dress for herself. She did not offer to pay her for the work she had done, and after lingering a few moments, Mrs. T— ventured to hint that she would like to have a part of what she had earned.

"Oh dear! I never, y, a seamstress until her bill amounts to five dollars. It is so troublesome to keep account of small sums. When you have made five dollars I will pay you."

Mrs. T— retired, but with a heart that seemed like lead in her bosom. "When shall I earn five dollars?"—not for a whole month at this rate, were the words that formed themselves in her thoughts.

"We shall have the molasses now, mother, shan't we," said two or three glad little voices, as she entered her home.

For a few moments she knew not what answer to make. Then gathering them all about her, she explained to them as well as she could make them understand, that the lady for whom she had made the work did not pay her, and she was afraid it would be a good while before she would; and that until she was paid she could not get them anything better than what they had.

The little things stole silently and without a murmur away, and the mother again sat down to her work. A tear would often gather in her eyes as she looked up from the bright needle glistening in her fingers, and noted the sadness and disappointment pictured in their young faces. From this style of gloomy feeling she was roused by a knock at the door, and a pleasant looking lady, somewhat gaily dressed, came in with a small bundle in her hand.

She introduced herself by saying she had just seen some pretty shirts to Mrs. T.'s, and that she was so well pleased with the work, that she had inquired for the maker. "And now having found you, said she, 'I want you to make and fit this calico dress for me, if you do such work.'"

"I shall be glad to do it for you," said she, encouraged by the kind and feeling manner of the lady.

"And what will you charge?"

Mrs. T— hesitated a moment and then said, "Mrs. T— gives me a quarter of a dollar."

There was a bright spot for a moment on the cheek of the lady.

"Then I will give you three," said she with warmth.

Mrs. T— burst into tears, and she could not help it.

"Are you in need," inquired the strange lady hesitatingly, but with an air of feeling that could not be mistaken.

For a moment the widow paused, but the sight of her children conquered the rising emotion of pride.

"I have nothing but a little corn meal in the house, and have no money."

A tear glistened in the stranger's eye—her breast heaved with strong emotion. Then all was still.

"I will pay you for this dress beforehand, then, and as I want it done very nice, I will pay you a dollar for making it. Can I have it the day after to-morrow?"

"Certainly ma'am, to-morrow evening, if you want it."

The dollar was paid down, and the angel of mercy departed. More than one heart was made glad that morning.

Now let us pay a visit to Mrs. T—

After the widow had departed, a lady acquaintance dropped in, who made no profession of religion, and who was somewhat fond of dress. Among other subjects of conversation, the neatness of the work on the coarse shirts was talked over, and the lady learned the residence of the seamstress, and also, that she was very poor.

After her departure, Mr. T— came in from the shop, and following dialogue ensued.

"Well, wife, how did Mrs. T— do her work?"

"Very well, indeed; but what do you think?"

She wanted me to pay her a part of the price of making four shirts."

"Is it possible! That's just the way these poor people always do. They spend a quarter as fast as it is earned, and so never get anything ahead. You did not give it to her though?"

"No indeed. I told her to wait until it amounted to five dollars, and then it would do her more good."

"And what did she say to that?"

"Oh, nothing, only she pretended to look very melancholy, as though she were in a starving condition. But I understand all these things."

"Trick and hypocrisy and whining always seem to go with poverty. Was that the gandy butterfly Mrs. L— who just went out?"

"Yes, I do think I have never known a more

worldly minded person than Mrs. L. in my life. All she thinks about is dress and company. She never seems to reflect that she has got a soul to save."

"Or to be lost which it certainly will be if she does not lay aside the vanities of this world. I suppose she never said a prayer in her life."

"Not she; if you should talk to her of praying she would smile in your face."

"A sad condition, indeed! How the world lieth in the wicked one. The prince of this world hath many children and she is one of them."

"And yet," continued the wife, "she seems utterly insensible to her sad condition, and always changes the subject when I mention it to her."

"Of course. And she will go on thus hardening her heart, and stiffening her neck until she falls into the gulf of eternal ruin. It is sad to think on."

By eating the bread of carelessness, by grinding the poor, and by overworking his apprentices, Mr. T. gradually became the owner of property. Of course he was a landlord. He owned two or three stores on Howard street, which were every now and then changing tenants, for few could stand injustice.

One of the stores had been vacant for some time, when a young man, just going into business and who knew nothing of his character, hired it for three hundred and fifty dollars. That was the highest limit he had set himself in his close calculations of profit. He was a poor, but enterprising young man, and had been assisted into business by a few confiding and firm friends.

Not a single alteration or repair would Mr. T. put upon the building. After going to about two hundred dollars expense in fitting up the store handsomely the young man opened for business. At the end of the first year, he found that his profits had been very fair; but there were many remnants and pieces of unsaleable goods on hand which had been paid for, and curtailed his active capital. Cheerful in prospect of his next year's business, and resolved to use even more activity and economy, he put his last quarter's rent in his pocket and called on Mr. T.

After the money had been taken and the receipt given, Mr. T. inquired after his business, and the young man spoke of it as increasing, and said that he had done as well as he expected.

"You have no thought of moving, I suppose?"

"Oh no, the stand is a good one, and pleases me."

"Ahem! ahem! I've been thinking for some time that your rent was too low. A good stand like yours is worth a great deal more money."

"Three hundred and fifty dollars is as much as I can afford to pay, and as much as any of my neighbors pay."

"Your neighbors pay too little then. I must have four hundred and fifty dollars for my store next year."

"Four hundred and fifty dollars! exclaimed the young man, 'I cannot afford to pay that—Besides it is worth no more than I now pay for it.'"

"There are many who can and will pay four hundred and fifty, and I must get the most profitable tenants I can."

"But I have been to at least two hundred dollars expense."

"That's your own look out, young man, not mine."

"So it is, and I was a fool to mention it. I see I am yet a learner here."

Mr. T. only smiled.

"Will you not take four hundred?"

"Not a cent less than four hundred and fifty."

The young man could do but one of two things—remove or pay the high rent. Fearing to risk another stand, and knowing that a change would be more loss to him than a hundred dollars, he reluctantly entered into contract to pay four hundred and fifty.

Another year passed away, and Mr. T. added fifty dollars more rent on the house. This was borne with also, for it was better than to move.

But when fifty additional were demanded, under the impression that the tenant would consider it more than a loss of fifty dollars to move, he could stand it no longer, and sought another store.

This store did not prove to be so good a stand; which so troubled the young man's mind that he, from neglecting his business, became unsteady, and in the end failed.

With Mr. T. it was a common practice to raise on all of his tenants a sum just enough to make them feel that it was better to pay it than remove.

No one who has read the previous number of these sketches will feel disposed to accuse me of wishing to throw disrespect upon religion. How could I be so false to myself as to wish to darken the light which shines upon my own path—which penetrates and dispenses the glooms of the grave? But I am ever disposed to condemn and hold up in a just view, all pretenders to that which they do not possess. One such a man as Mr. T. does more real harm in the world than a dozen open sinners.

And alas! how many such there are. Who does not know a Mr. T.? In what religious association are not those to be found who are willing to have faith alone, to trust in faith alone, and to esteem the goods of this world as more valuable than the goods of charity. A purified, internal love for their neighbor, a love that prompts to good deeds—combined with a momentary dependence upon the Lord for every good and perfect gift of love, is the only religion that will make a man fit for the heavenly society of the church triumph ant, where love to the Lord and love to the neighbor is perfect and pure.

"Please Exchange," as the printer said when he offered his heart to a beautiful girl.



From the Augusta Age.

### TERGIVERSATION OF FEDERALISM.

It is the characteristic of TERN that its advocates never abandoned it, nor lack confidence in the certainty of its triumph over error. It is their chosen weapon, which they grasp with unyielding tenacity; especially in defeat. "The darker the prospect, and the more overwhelming the progress of error—the stronger becomes their faith in the power of truth."

"Truth crushed to earth, shall rise again,  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But Error wounded, writhes with pain,  
And dies among his worshippers."

Whenever the Democratic Party meets with a reverse, it does not abandon its principles—the TERN on which it is based. On the contrary, it renews its covenant with truth, returns straightway, if it has wandered, to the ancient standard of its faith, and burns its old weapons, disdaining to throw them aside because they have failed in a single contest.

How different is it with Federalism. Beaten down on one issue, it incontinently seeks another! Failing in one policy, it abandons it, and pretends to advocate a different one! Unsuccessful with one set of doctrines and arguments, it learns to forget them and to brandish other and opposite ones!

Recall to mind the exploded dogmas of Federalism. The election of a military chieftain in 1828 would ruin the country, and was more to be deprecated than "war pestilence and famine." In 1830, the federal party supported a military chieftain for President! In 1830, removals from appointments to office on political grounds, were corrupting the whole country, and slowly, but surely undermining our free institutions. In 1833, here, and elsewhere, the federal party turned every Democrat out of office, and appointed only federalists! In 1833, the country was ruined without a national bank. Now, the federal papers are almost silent on the subject, and in the South are trying to make the people believe that if their party should get the power, they would continue to "ruin the country" by refusing to establish such a bank! In 1834, the removal of the deposits, and in 1835, the specie circular severely ruined the country. On these topics the federalists are silent. In 1836, the State Bank deposit system capped the climax of ruin. Mr. Clay pronounced it utterly corrupt, and dangerous to liberty. Now the federalists are trying to re-establish that system, as a "half way house." Mr. Clay himself, says he will go for it! Last year Mr. Fairfield had trampled upon the sacred right of petition. How they made the welkin ring again, with this charge! This year the sacred right of petition is forgotten. Only last year a national bank was absolutely necessary to regulate exchanges. Now their leading organ pronounces the idea that such a bank is necessary to regulate exchanges a "MISERABLE FUDGE."

Last year the democratic party were levellers and destructives—in favor of an equal division of property and the destruction of all banks—this year, the democratic party own all the banks and compose the "moneyed aristocracy!" Last year our institutions and the rights of property were in danger from the levelling doctrines of the *loco focos*, countenanced by Van Buren. This year, the Federal Governor of New York proclaims in an electioneering speech, that "Aristocracy has a home even in this land of freedom!" and exhorts his hearers to "remove the barriers between the rich and the poor and break the control of the few over the many!"

What does all this prove? What, but that the federal leaders have all along had no confidence in their own doctrines, assertions and arguments—what, but that they are conscious that truth is not on their side? It proves the description given of them by John Q. Adams (who ought to know them) in the following words, to be perfectly just:—

"Of that party, treachery is so favorite an instrument, that I have heard Mr. Burgess complain that they have used it even with him. It is their nature and vocation. So will, and so ought it always be. They have no honest principle to keep them together—their only cement is a sympathy of hatred to every man of purer principles than themselves."

From the Eastern Argus.

### Federal Facts' Real Lies!

The Gazette published yesterday an article entitled "Facts for the People," which ought to have been headed "Lies for the People." It states, that the State of Pennsylvania and the city of New York have been reduced, by "Loco Foco misrule" to a most alarming degree of financial embarrassment—so that, loaded with debt, they are unable to procure a loan to meet their liabilities. Now what miserable deception is all this! What a wretched and shameful attempt is here made, to cheat men into a belief altogether inconsistent with truth or reason or justice! Let us examine the matter a little! And first, look at Pennsylvania, the very mention of whose name should bring a blush to the cheek of every Federalist, who has not wholly lost all regard for integrity and principle—Pennsylvania, whose Government was boldly attempted, a short time ago, to be usurped by opposition violence, in spite of the declared will of the People—Pennsylvania, whose Federal officers last winter sought to retain their abused places, by resolving to treat a popular election "as though it had never occurred"—Pennsylvania, whose citizens have shown themselves, amid all the perilous events through which they have lately passed, true Republicans of the old school, who know their rights, and will never surrender them—how is it with the debt of Pennsylvania? Why, she has been oppressed, and embarrassed, and hampered, under the operation of the Federal system of unlimited Internal Improvements—her energies have been cramped by the blundering mismanagement of Federal Officers, who expended her money upon the most insane projects, and emptied her Treasury for the sake of building up the fortunes of private individuals, at the public expense. When Ritner went out of office last winter, he left the Commonwealth in debt to the enormous amount of four millions of dollars, and nothing on hand in the Treasury. This debt Gov. Porter had to meet. A large portion he has met. "Nearly every dollar," says the Keystone, loaned during

his administration, has been applied to the liquidation of debts incurred by his blundering predecessors—and yet in the teeth of these facts, we find the Federal organs raising a hue and cry, and shedding crocodile tears over the increase of the impudence! To charge upon Gov. Porter and the Pennsylvania Democracy, the consequences of that mad extravagance which they have always sought to avoid, and which they have now shown their determination to arrest—to make them responsible for the wasteful expenditures which the Federalists, in the prosecution of their favorite system, have themselves made—is something which, reckless as we knew the Federal Press to be, we did not think it would have the hardihood to undertake. Truly, it must be a desperate cause which requires thus to be supported at the expense of all honesty and justice and truth! But New York—how is it with the city of New York? Her financial affairs are, also, in a state of embarrassment and confusion. She, also, is in debt, says the Gazette, "under Loco Foco misrule."—Yes, she is in debt and who made her so? Who but the Federal officers with whom she has been cursed within the last three years? Who but these very men whom the Editor of the Gazette, in common with his brethren, labored long and hard to keep in place and power? "The Common Council of this city," says the N. Y. Evening Post, "for the last three years, have been tossing about the people's money as apes throw nutshells. So gross was their extravagance and improvidence, that the people would tolerate them in office no longer, and elected a new set of members. In the meantime, however, the funds of the city had been so lavishly squandered, and the treasury had become so entirely exhausted, that nothing was left with which to pay the current expenses." Here is the true reason of the "pressing embarrassments of the city," to which the Gazette alludes. If the finances of N. Y. are in an alarming condition, they who had their direction up to May last, are the ones responsible for the difficulty, and not they who, since that time, have been endeavoring to retrieve the errors of their wasteful predecessors. We can hardly imagine greater impudence than that of the Federalists, in denouncing the extravagance and mismanagement of the New York Democrats. Such is their truth relation to the affairs of New York and Pennsylvania—and we ask our readers what must be thought of a party, which will be guilty of such gross and outrageous misrepresentation, as that to which we have alluded, in the Gazette of yesterday. When the Gazette again undertakes to give the people facts, we hope it will not impose upon them such miserable deception, as was continued in the leading article of its last paper.

### Federalism at its old Tricks.

From the tone of the federal press, it is evident that the federal party, following in the wake of the Blue light torism of 1812, are making a strong effort to prevent the government from effecting the loan authorized by the Legislature. This was to have been expected. What Democrat has forgotten the treasonable appeals which before and during the last war with England, to the capitalists of the country, entreating them to stop the mad career of the "tyrant Madison" by holding fast their purse strings. Their policy, openly avowed, and shamelessly acted upon, to encourage and aid the enemy, and to thwart the measures of their own government.

Thus it is now. The moment a spec of warred a debt in defence of its honor and territory, the blue light flag is again hoisted, and the threat is openly thrown out, that the administration must yield to the federalists, or money, the sinews of war, shall not be obtained. Verily, in the language of the immortal Jefferson, "federalism will be federalism still, whatever false name it may assume." Change its garb as often as it may, call it Whiggism, National Republicanism, or what not, and the same principles, the same hatred of Democracy, will ever mark its course.

Eastern Argus.

### The Opposition.

The federal party has been always characterized by a *factions spirit*. It is nothing at all new for it to denounce every thing which does not contribute to the advancement of its own selfish interests, and the aggrandizement of its own favorite leaders. It was so in Jefferson's time, as well as now. Does any one doubt it? Let him read the following account of the conduct of the federalists at that period, taken from Matthew Carey's Olive branch:

"The gazette patronized by, and devoted to, federalism, were unceasing in their efforts to degrade, disgrace, and defame the administration. Allegations wholly unfounded, and utterly improbable, were reiterated in regular succession. An almost constant and unwavering opposition was maintained to all its measures; and hardly ever was a substitute proposed for any of them. Not the slightest allowance was made for the unpreceded and convulsed state of the world.—In a struggle between two hostile nations, than the opposition manifested in their attacks upon the administration."

How admirably does this portrait of the federalists of 1801, apply to the federalists of the present day! How precisely similar is the conduct of the opposition now, to the conduct of the opposition then. The preceding paragraph would seem to have been written with direct reference to the events of the last few years. Certainly, it describes them with remarkable accuracy. The federalists were never more emphatically a mere opposition, than they now are. Indeed, their leading men do not blush thus openly to characterize their party. "Opposition to the National Administration," said James T. Austin, of Boston, "is the first great principle of the whig party." "We have labored," said Daniel Webster, "not so much for the attainment of any positive good, as to prevent any thing done by others." And

the true reason of this course is plain. The federalists dare not state boldly and fairly their real designs, and go to trial on them before the people. They know too well the overwhelming defeat which would meet them in such a contest, ever again willingly to venture it. They, therefore, adopt the plan of opposing every democratic measure which is presented, without proposing any definite one of their own. They rely not upon the justice of their own cause, but upon the miserable hope of discovering some errors in the conduct of the opponents. Their employment is, we appeal to our readers if it is not so, rather to pick flaws in the characters of Republicans, than to try to build up any character of their own. What must honest men think of a party, thus united only by hatred against others? What, too, must be the verdict of the people concerning it? What was it in the days of Jefferson and Madison—that but a verdict of complete and utter condemnation—condemnation well deserved and heartily accorded? Should it be different now? Is not the opposition as guilty in 1839, as it was in 1801? Has Federalism changed its character?

### OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, AUGUST 26, 1839.

Democratic Republican Nominations.

### FOR GOVERNOR. JOHN FAIRFIELD.

### FOR SENATORS.

OXFORD . . . ALVAN BOLSTER,  
DAVID HAMMONS.  
YORK . . . TIMOTHY SHAW,  
SIMEON BARKER,  
JOHN G. PERKINS.  
CUMBERLAND . . . PHILIP EASTMAN,  
OTIS C. GROSS,  
IRA CROCKER,  
LEVI L. TOTMAN.  
LINCOLN . . . JOSIAH MERRLOW,  
ARNOLD BLANEY,  
THOMAS SIMMONS,  
CHARLES HOLMES.  
KENNEBEC . . . EZEKIEL SMALL,  
AMOS NOURSE,  
BARTLETT W. VARNUM.  
WALDO . . . JOHN TRUE,  
JONATHAN MERRILL.  
HANCOCK, WASHINGTON AND AROOSTOOK,  
EASTERN DIST. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

### COUNTY TREASURER.

OXFORD . . . ALANSON MELLIN.

### DEMOCRATIC SENATORIAL CONVENTION.

Delegates from the several Towns and Plantations comprising Oxford Senatorial District, assembled at the Court House in Paris, Wednesday, August 14th, at ten o'clock A. M. for the purpose of selecting two candidates for the Senate, and one candidate for County Treasurer, to be supported at the next annual election.

The Convention was organized by choosing Hon. CORNELIUS HOLLAND, of Canton, President, and Levi Brown, of Waterford, Secretary.

On motion of Mr. Eustis, of Rumford, a Committee of five was appointed to receive and examine the credentials of members. D. Chase, of Buckfield, L. P. Sawyer, of Denmark, I. N. Stanley, of Dixfield, S. Morse, of Livermore, and T. W. O'Brien, of Fryeburg, were appointed, and having attended to that duty reported the following

### LIST OF DELEGATES.

Albany—John Hunt.  
Andover—Edward L. Poor.  
Barnstable—James C. Bean.  
Buckfield—Daniel Chase, James Bonney.  
Burlington—Moses T. Cross, James M. Pote.  
Canton—Levi P. Sawyer.  
Carrage—East Grover.  
Canton—Cornelius Holland.  
Denmark—Levi P. Sawyer.  
Fryeburg—Thomas W. O'Brien.  
Fryeburg Academy Plantation—Jona. Bennett.  
Greenwood—William Noyes.  
Gilead—Asa Kimball.  
Hebron—William Cobb, Jr.  
Hampden—Samuel Bailey.  
Hartford—Edmund Irish.  
Hiram—William Parker.  
Hiram—Levi Green.  
Livermore—Lee Strickland, Silas Morse.  
Lovell—John Walker, Jr.  
Mexico—Alvin Kimball.  
Norway—Jonathan Swift, Lee Mixer.  
Newry—Phineas McKusick.  
Oxford—Robert Pike.  
Paris—James Russ, Rufus Stowell.  
Paris—Isaac Chase.  
Rumford—John M. Eustis.  
Roxbury—John Reed.  
Sweden—Benjamin Nevins.  
Sumner—Zenas Stetson.  
Stoneham—David Sawyer.  
Stone—Amos Hastings.  
Turner—William B. Bray, Nathaniel Chase.  
Waterford—Levi Brown.  
Woodstock—Edmund Chase.  
Plantation No. 2—Wm. B. Walton.

The report was accepted. T. W. O'Brien, L. P. Sawyer, and L. Strickland, were appointed a Committee to prepare Resolutions expressive of the views of the Convention.

Voted to adjourn for one hour.

Afternoon. Met according to adjournment.

Voted, That a Committee of three be raised to receive, sort, and count the votes for candidates for Senators, and E. L. Poor, R. Stowell, and N. Chase were appointed, and reported that

Gen. ALVAN BOLSTER, of Rumford, and DAVID HAMMONS, Esq. of Lovell, were nominated, having received nearly an unanimous vote of the Convention.

The same Committee reported that ALANSON MELLIN, Esq. was nominated as candidate for County Treasurer. The following persons were selected by the Convention as Senatorial District Committee, for the ensuing political year: William Brigham, of Buckfield,

Thomas J. Cox, of Dixfield, John Higgins, of Porter, Jonathan B. Smith, of Norway, Edward L. Poor, of Andover, and Geo. W. Millett, of Paris.

The Committee appointed to report Resolutions presented the following:—

Resolved, That the course of the present National Administration has been such in relation to the finances of the Government as to command the confidence and support of the honest and patriotic portion of community, and from the well known prudence, independence and magnanimity of the President, we believe he will so manage as ultimately to secure the integrity and peace and best interests of our State.

Resolved, That we cordially concur in the re-nomination of JOHN FAIRFIELD for Governor—that the integrity intrepidity and patriotism evinced by him on the commencement of his administration in relation to our North Eastern Boundary, has reflected honor upon the character of our State, and entitled him to the respect, confidence, and support of all who love their Country.

Resolved, That the cause of Democracy is the cause of the people—studying the greatest interest and happiness of the greatest number, and the better it is understood, commands more and more the admiring confidence of the best men of every age and of every country—and to sustain their cause, as well as every other good cause, requires perpetual vigilance patient and untiring industry, and often great self denial and personal effort.

Resolved, That the conduct of the federal party in censuring the course of Governor Fairfield in relation to the boundary difficulties—some accusing him of timidity, others censuring him as too rash—manifests that *distillation of principle*, which characterizes all their political proceedings and merits the reprobation of all honest men.

Resolved, That we cordially recommend ALVAN BOLSTER and DAVID HAMMONS, Esquires, to be supported for Senators in our next State Legislature—and in recommending them for the support of the Democratic Electors of Oxford, we confidently anticipate the united support of every unwavering Democrat of the County.

Resolved, That ALANSON MELLIN Esq., still possesses our entire confidence, and that we again cheerfully recommend him to be supported for County Treasurer.

On motion of Mr. Stanley, the Convention voted to tender their thanks to the President and Secretary for their services in presiding over the meeting.

Voted, That the proceedings of this Convention be signed by the President and Secretary, and published in the Oxford Democrat, and all other Democratic papers published in the State.

CORNELIUS HOLLAND, President.  
LEVI BROWN, Secretary.

### THE ELECTION.

We have frequently admonished the Democracy of this County of the danger of placing too much reliance in the pretended inactivity of our opponents. We were satisfied that a concerted but secret action and understanding existed throughout the State among our opponents to carry on the campaign in silence—they well knowing that there is a decided majority against them, and that a full vote would place them in a minority still smaller than that of last year, attempt to nullify the Democracy into security by affecting to abandon the contest and withdraw from the field, and their leading papers have repeatedly decided that any such action or understanding was being made or existed.

We have now evidence in tangible shape of what we had before but surmised. In another column will be found a copy of a Circular which is undoubtedly in circulation in every part of the State. It completely gives the lie to all their professions. Read it Democrats! Every Town, Plantation, and School District throughout the State is to be put under federal organization—every voter is to be marked and his name reported to the County Committee, and every one to be done secretly and with "as little display as can be." Here is proof which they cannot controvert that the Democracy are to receive a dastardly and cowardly attack from their old enemy with the expectation of being able to re-enact the scenes of '37. It is perfectly in character. We should expect and be prepared to meet an enemy rendered desperate for want of the aid of panics and distress, their natural allies—we should expect tricks and stratagems and secret organization. Let every Democrat be up and doing—burnish up and gird on your armor and be ready for the battle. Let Old Oxford, on the ninth of September next speak, to them in a voice of thunder. Show to them that although they may have their mercenary and part-colored forces marked and numbered, and under the most rigid discipline to their system of warfare, they cannot catch you napping or carry the fortress by stratagem or storm.

THE CONVENTION. The Convention held in this place last Wednesday, the proceedings of which will be found in another column, was very fully attended. Indeed, considering the season of the year and the goodness of the day for the farmers to make their hay, such days having been scarce the present season, we did not anticipate a very full attendance; but were agreeably disappointed to see so large a number of the "bone and sinew" present. This is as it should be. It shows that the Democracy are still awake and alive to their interests, notwithstanding the apathy which apparently has existed, and bodes well for the coming election. The Convention were nearly unanimous in the selection of candidates, and evinced a spirit of harmony and good feeling which we have seldom witnessed on an alike occasion. If the Democracy but respond at the polls in as unanimous a manner, federal whiggery will have scarcely a shadow left to tell its fate.

Too good to be lost. A leading Federalist travelling in a Stage Coach, not a thousand miles from this place, (supposed to be on an electioneering tour) in speaking of the "dark and benighted regions of Oxford," remarked, among other things, that he wished "huge paws" being present, immediately replied that there was light here last September, and it would probably be snuffed this fall.

We publish the following communication by request. If the stigma which now rests upon the character of Col. Andrews, is merited, it is proper that the public should know it. If, on the contrary, it is unmerited, and his actions and motives have had wrong constructions placed upon them, it is equally proper that he should have an opportunity of vindicating them. If we have imputed wrong motives to, or misrepresented him in anything we have heretofore said, we are as willing as any one to be convinced of it, and will willingly open our columns to him for that purpose, with the hope, that if he avails himself of the privilege, he will adhere strictly to the truth and the real facts.

[For the Democrat.]

### COL. ANDREWS.

For the information of people in general we will take this opportunity to state that Col. Charles Andrews of Turner has returned. It was reported, at the time he left T. and was believed by people at large (with how much truth or sincerity we do not say) that he left without giving his friends or creditors notice that he was going, or that he should even return; consequently all supposed him a "runaway." We repeat, this gentleman has returned and with all the unfavorable, and uncontradicted reports resting on his reputation he has been permitted to mingle and associate with the democratic party. And he has not only been permitted to mingle and associate with his old friends, but has appeared in public as a speaker and teacher of Democratic principles. We take the liberty to inform our friends, that this conduct does not comport with Jeffersonian Democracy nor with the dignity and purity of Republican faith. And however much we may feel disposed to sympathize with the unfortunate and persecuted, we will never suffer our politics to become corrupt by associating the renegade, the profligate, or the bankrupt.

When this gentleman, or his particular friends will come forward and give satisfactory answers to the following questions, we (and we are not a few) will receive him as a friend, with kindness and regard.

Question 1. Did Col. A. inform Mr. Prentiss when he left Turner for Portland that he was going to Ohio?

2. Did he inform his brothers, or friends, or creditors, that he was going to make a tour West and set the time?

3. Did he carry away any portion of the surplus revenue from the Township of Turner which belonged to the Town, and which he was bound by his oath of Office to have paid?

4. Did he leave funds in the hands of Mr. Prentiss, with the command that he should pay the Surplus Revenue and settle with other Creditors when he left Turner, or did Col. A. send a power of Attorney to Mr. P. after he had arrived in Portland, for the above purposes?

5. Is it true that he saw one of his brothers in Portland when he was about to take the Steam Packet for Boston, and did not inform him that he was going West?

Community exact from Col. A. full, explicit and satisfactory answers to all the above queries, none of which require him to reveal a word, which, if he is a man of truth, honor and integrity, will ever do him the least possible harm. We suspend further remarks for the space of two weeks with the hope, that within that time the Gallant Col. will exonerate himself from the foul aspersion resting on his character, but with the determination that if these charges of fraud are not cleared up, to give him his merited share of denunciation.

VERITAS.

### For the Democrat.

### EDWARD KENT.

Our opponents have again brought forward this worthy gentleman to receive the suffrages of the people of Maine for Governor; and congratulate themselves most heartily that they can present a man so eminent in public service, so lofty in ability and patriotism. In announcing him as their candidate for re-election, they consider it but proper that good reasons should be given why the people of this State should give him their support. Concerning Gov. Kent's private character as a man and a citizen, we know of nothing to his discredit; but in his public capacity, as Executive of the State, we saw much which we disapproved, and much which indicated a want of decision of character as well as capacity to govern. We will mention a few things among the many to which we took exceptions.

Gov. Kent's first Message to the Senate and House of Representatives is a document which will not in our opinion bear the test of even the most superficial criticism. By reference to that message it will be seen that a great portion of it is occupied with a discussion about the currency of the United States—using severe language against the measures of the General Government and passing judgment where he should have been silent. We consider that Gov. Kent must have been ignorant of his duty as the Chief Magistrate of a State, or that he willfully stepped aside from the prescribed bounds of the Constitution, when he made this *unwelcome digression*. We do not wish to attribute wrong motives to Mr. Kent; but we conjecture that this newspaper-article-portion of his message was intended either to bring reproach on the National Administration, or else to give greater publicity to party spleen. If therefore Gov. Kent was capable of writing a proper message on the affairs of the State, one or the other of the foregoing motives must have actuated his judgment. For he must have known that after all he might say concerning the affairs of the General Government, no action could be had thereon. This, then, proves that Mr. Kent is not only a partisan zealot, but is also incapable or unwilling to exercise that impartiality, equally the attribute of an honest heart and a just Magistrate.

Much is said concerning Mr. Kent's serving the State in time of "trial and tribulation," with honesty, decision, and firmness. We know of no very great trials or tribulations which happened during the Administration of Gov. Kent—Nothing that required any great share of moral courage—and nothing which might not and would not have been equally well performed by any of his predecessors—we will not except his redoubtable prototype, Gov. Hutton. Is his digression, comet-like message, a specimen of moral courage? Is it that to which our opponents would refer us as the insignia of bold daring? Or is it the exalted correspondence which took place between the Governor of an independent State and a certain Indian Chief? Or finally, is it that truly obsequious epistle written to Lt. Gov. Harvey for the purpose of obtaining permission to execute a Resolve of the State Legislature? If it is for the first of these transactions, that the friends of Gov. Kent claim for him a great



Bethel, August 15, 1839



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